

will let you know more about this Adventure Training project in next years magazine.

Of course we did not work all the time. We had our sporting prowess examined (spotlighted in the Battalion Cross-country) but finally discarded; our Ceremonial drill movements brought to a peak for the Colours Parade; and our ability to perform duties constantly revised.

Farewell and Thank You

Quite a number of people have left the platoon during 1984. To all those that have left — good soldiering. To those that have been promoted — congratulations. To those that have just joined (particularly 2/84 course) — welcome, may the association be a happy one.

Next, some thanks. Although we know they are the Queens of the battlefield, we still think we are better than 108 Fd Bty. We look forward to continuing the friendly rivalry in the New Year. As well, thanks go to Spt Tp; 3/4 Cav; 162 Recce Sqn; and 35 Sqn RAAF.

Finally Remember

1. The look on O'Bie's face when he realised H was a eloquent as himself!
2. Braz's enlightening Naval Lecture.
3. The PT with Ammo Boxes.
4. The excuse for being late for work from one of the students on the first course (and the fact that the MLO believed it).
5. The heavy weight chocolate wrappings on "Spartan Challenge".
6. Price the Rap Dancer.
7. Jessie's generosity.
8. Vaughn's promotion!
9. O'Bie losing an argument!
10. "Capt Zero, out".



Cal Helmrich and Pte Challinor.

PIONEER PLATOON

The work year for us started with the 1/84 PNR cse. Students came from far and wide hoping that they were good enough to become a RCCADTE. With diligent assistance from the instructors, some managed to scrape through and are now having their skills honed as members of the platoon. During the watermanship phase of the course, Craig Townsend amused us all by showing us how to stack assault craft, using full power, whilst they were still in the water. We also saw a qualified lifesaver almost drown during a 100m swim. He was only saved in a daring rescue by Graeme Kent.

A few weeks shooting helped show the Company why we are issued with claymores. Our only excuse is that we were following Monte's example, he couldn't hit a cow if he was holding its tail! We made up for it later with a week of demolitions. We took the car BHQ was going to use to pay for their 'T' Shirts and proceeded to strap explosives to it. The misunderstanding with BHQ was sorted out and so was the car. You can now find it in most parts of High Range.

Night training was **almost** an eye-opener but we found that with our training, it does not really matter if it is day or night, we can sleep anywhere, anytime.

This year we have lost some good PNR's no doubt they are doing well wherever they are. In their place we have received:

- a. Lt Ron Baumgart from Kitty Kat Kompany. He hasn't got many pimples so he could not have been there long.
- b. Sgt "Lloyd Cecil here" Montefiore who has trouble fitting through the office doorway, but he'll make it.
- c. Graeme "Jock" Kent, Gilly, Big Fred Skriveris, Larry "Lime" Marshall, Peter "Mug" Vestjens, Stevie "Rotten" Reid, "Travolta" Silveri, "Sooty" Scammel, "Killer" Horswell and "Simon" Townsend. We are not sure whether "Simon" is in the Army or the Police Force. He picks up his pay here but he spends most of his time in town.

Apart from exercise's Pnr's have been kept busy elsewhere. We have built for the Bn:

1. Those marvellous heaving beams which no-one seems to appreciate;
2. Two practice cricket pitches so the jockstrappers don't have to swan off into town to train;



Running repairs.

3. Fixed the OBSTACLE course so the Mil Skills Competition would hurt;
4. Fixed the Bush Gym, once more to inflict pain;
5. The memorial for the members of 2RAR and 4RAR killed in action.

Most of that work was done by Lcpl Riddle and Pte James from B Coy — an excellent job; and a million and one minor odd jobs for the Offr's Mess, Sgt's Mess, Or's Mess, Or's Canteen and the Edgar Towner VC Club.

6. Things you don't see in Pnr's:
 1. Lt Baumgart - sunburnt
 2. Sgt Montefiore - laughing
 3. Geoff Ingall - with blistered hands
 4. Graeme Kent - without a jockstrap
 5. Dave Leahy - doing PT.

All in all it has been a busy, enjoyable year and we hope to be just as busy next year. Whether it is a rifle or a chainsaw remember take your pick, we can do both! A merry Xmas to all the members of the PI both past and present and to all their wives and children and may the New Year be a prosperous one for all.



Batts does his thing.

RECON/SNIPERS 1984

1984 began for the platoon with the 1/84 Recon course held within the Battalion area with navexes at High Range, and exercises at Mt. Spec and Blue Water. Fifteen starters arrived for the course, ten remained after the initial shock and three successfully completed all of the requirements. It had become painfully obvious to the students after four 15 km runs in as many weeks that the possession of a set of camouflaged greens and personalized webbing was not the main criteria for selection for Recon Pl.

With the Unit course period over, the task arose for the commencement of small group training. Unfortunately due to many and various reasons not as much of this important fine tuning could be conducted. One illuminating training experience presented itself with the arrival of the U.S. Company and the instruction on their night viewing devices, (both Image Intensification and Infra Red), and their ground surveillance radar. The RMC cadets at High Range who appeared out of an OHP pit 3 metres in front of a silent IR probe were probably as baffled as we were surprised, when it was discovered that unlike superman we could not see through non-lead solids, and the cadets couldn't see what it was that was cracking twigs and walking backwards.

"Exercise Spartan Challenge" could probably be named "Dusty Sandshoe" by some of the platoon members who walked to Mingela this year. The Spartans may have found their sandals suitable for being inverted into the river Styx or marching to battle in the passes of Thermopolyc but we found that some of our G.P.'s had to be discarded for runners after the first blisters began to appear.

Enemy aircraft appeared frequently during the latter stages of the exercise and eyes and ears became fixed to the sky. On one occasion, whilst climbing the Mingela Range escarpment, a Pilartus Porter flew directly along the top of the ridge line that

a patrol was climbing leaving tyre marks on the pack of a crouching "Bones" Brady, and threatening the boss with a haircut. Ironically, some months later Lt McDonald spoke with the aviators about the incident and they claimed not to have seen the patrol sprawled across the ground, thus proving the importance of staying still and covering ones face in the presence of low flying aircraft.

Since Spartan Challenge, reports have been filtering back of a large bull walking around Mingela with a G. P. boot on one of its hooves. I don't suppose you know anything about this — Roger Herbert?

Exercise "Northern Warrior" began with the platoon acting as enemy and finished with our return to the cause of justice and right as we carried out, with our opposite numbers from 1 RAR, the recon on the Brigade objective. Although the best training value came out of the final phase, most of the memorable yarns arose from the employment as enemy. Mark Upson and Woodsie remember quite clearly the night at Maccrossan when a C130 almost landed on top of them as they were crawling down the airstrip. Later at Mt. Spec after initiating a contact with B Company two members of the platoon sat next to a tree whilst B Company did their re-org. During this time they heard:

"Digger!"

"Yes Sir"

"Who initiated that contact?"

"We did Sir, but they fired first."

The rest of 1984 has gone quickly but quietly. An injection of new blood during the year boosted our strength, and Gary Stone finally went back to a rifle company on promotion. Stoney was a little disappointed when he left, saying that he was just learning the ropes!



Sgt Gillman, Cpl Brady, Pte Herbert and Pte Hubber.